

Pine Creek Aug. 6 46 -

You shame me, David, by the uninterrupted cheerfulness of your letters and more still by that self-devotion to the things of the master which I can not possibly attain to. His love is not sufficient for me; I need other and life heavenly. I used to be always happy, but ~~now~~ now ~~after~~ I live a life of passion, in every sense of the term. Oh how happy you are to be able to attend with satisfaction to one thing at a time & not be tormented by protean delusions, stabbed by one desire under the auspice of another. A life of anticipation is a cursed life to lead. ~~What~~ ^{only} ~~is~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~precursor~~ ^{precursor} & step-stone to some future gain or good, sets me of all my comfort in life. Oh that I could be content to be what I am and these soul-tormenting ambitions were crushed in me by grace or out of me by suffering. And then one knows himself so little; I strive to hear my nature tell its nature, but find my inner ear so deaf. Sometimes I long to have opened up the standards of that infinite inner ocean of my heart, that I strive to crush it together, but after all I only hear the crackling of its shell. We go with our investigating ~~tools~~ ^{tools} so far as puncturing the skin of the earth, & we are equally unsuccessful in probing human nature; we are so superficial in our knowledge of ourselves, that our own souls are as great mysteries to us as the angels are. Oh shall I ever know myself! This superficial knowledge makes me ~~be~~ afraid that ~~there is nothing to know~~, that there is a very superficial soul, and that is agony. "We would be gods." I would, I confess. - "Will not being Kings & Priests to God be its equivalent? Let us hope so. As unless so in the future, Hope is our comfort. Yet are we even now not in heaven? - are we not saved, sons? Not quite saved: saved only heirs."

I write you from a scene of consummate peacefulness, with my back against a tree a century old, seated on a piece of the last year's drift. Before me is a mighty mountain & at its foot & mine, a broad, shallow, glassy stream, on stones stand up through which, small divers sit & plunge for minnows or fly cricketing to the pine branches that overhang it. Better yet, it is Sabbath morning and the cocks are crowing. And yet I am tormented with love, sudden tempter from within. I can find no peace that I call peace, but of now & then a rush of prayer that is like a spiny shower on a sultry summer day. Last night I had one of my rare dreams of my mother and God seemed to beat my heart final. Oh, David, I do so plunge headlong into the creature. I seem to find all my source of happiness in "the Creation". Trees, streams, clouds these are my lovers. Is it for want of better ones? Ought I to marry? Or is this extravagant deification of the rational, of a prognosis of my fate if God give me up to human love by finding me human lovers. My last word I cherish - "I love you and pray for you". Yes if you love me, pray for me.

And now let me assume a better tone. Assume — how I hate
the word: Nine hundred & Ninety nine thousandths of the world's thinking
and feeling is assumed. I find sincerity of among the Savages of Pine Creek,
and not always here. Probably too of here, that because they think so
little & feel so regularly that it costs them no trouble to tell it all. But I
am so ill-natured as Rabelais. Bear with me, dearest friend, I dare not
write so to any other. I seem to be talking to myself. ~~and feel so and~~

"This is eternal life, to know thee the true God and J.C. whom thou
hast sent." To know, what a great thing that would be, to know God! "Who can
find out the Almighty unto perfection." If this be life, no wonder it is eternal.
Over against the Objective God, the true God, — stand an innumerable army
of subjective Anti-Gods, one for every human mind & heart of man. Surely
it must be eternal life to have our Antigod slain & receive God in its place.
And Jesus Christ whom he has sent. There are almost as many definitions
of Son of God, as of God the Father. Through all the grades of Unitarianism & Trini-
tarianism, men, even Christians, rise rising & falling continually. Oh that
we might know Jesus Christ whom God has sent! Blessed be the grace of God, we
know very much, that he is Θεου υἱος υἱος & therefore "firstborn" & "beginning" of the
creation, at least. (Rev. 3:14) And if we "honor him as we honor the Father", that
is, as "God over all blessed forever" (Rom 9:5) we may be sure that we shall not
be punished for doing that which the Father himself provokes us to do when he
prophesies of him as the "everlasting Father" & called him "the man, very fellow".
More than this we cannot know, & yet much more we do know. He is Savior, for
he saves his people from their sins. "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on
me". Oh, David, how that cry goes through the heart! It is almost my
only self audible prayer. May your poor Spaniards be taught to utter it.

I can't remember when I wrote you last. But since leaving N.Y. two
months ago, brother Johnson & I, have visited the lines of farm houses
located at intervals of 1/2 & 1/4 mile along the Susquehanna, Pine Creek &
the neighboring streams and left at least one book at every house. We
have seen & heard much that is interesting, found many pining Christians
and many more still in the fall of bitterness and bond of iniquity.
We preach at different places (generally little school houses) twice every
Sabbath and hold occasional tract meetings through the week. The
people are kind & hospitable and anxious for Sabbath privileges
though loose enough in their lives. Along here I find many "old school" or
hard shell Baptists, who refuse to read any book but the Bible and preach
the doctrines of grace to the exclusion of all effort. I hope to preach
"repentance" and "faith" this morning, to a school house full of them.
You may wonder how I will do it. I do not know yet myself. I have

thought a good deal on the subject and pray to be guided. My fatalistic tendency is losing power, I believe, over my views of Bible truth and yet I cannot, will not for the world, or to oppose any error however injurious, compromise in the least the doctrine of God's full sovereignty and eternal pre-lection of his children. But I am much less willing now than former to employ technical expressions, I rather prefer Bible language even when it seems American. For instance, my chief weapon today will doubtless be "Ye will not come unto me that ye may have life." I have had some interesting conversations with people of high erroneous sentiments, universalists & others, but find myself greatly lacking in a common place, effective vein of repartee. I have injured myself for usefulness, by indulging in imaginative thoughts & fanciful, ~~though~~ however striking, forms of expressions. It is as wrong to enervate the soul by poetry, as the body by fastidious gourmandise. No do most good in the world we need hard, stern, truthful prose such as Baxter's & Bunyan's. I sometimes am reduced to silence ^{through} their ignorance how to express a thought so that those around can understand it.

Our work is very fatiguing, physical. The roads are exceedingly rough and the houses often so scattered that a hard day's riding will allow one to reach more than half a dozen families. Appointments too are to be fulfilled only by much extra riding. Fatigue of body, produces weariness of spirit; not of weakness of intellect but fullness of temper & even loathing of life. No doubt I shall stay in a field until October or perhaps November and then return to N.Y., when a nice little room will be ready for me in our new Tract building. In the Spring I shall hope to be again in the mountains. My health, thanks the goodness of my heavenly father, is at last pretty well established. May the Lord keep you in uninterrupted health and happiness and establish to your hearts content the work of your hands. Be a second Brainard or Martin and a thousand times more blessed than your friend & brother

Peter.

Monday. How charmed you would have been to have preached to the poor people on the mountain afternoon. I rode up after morning service - up a mountain 12 or 1400 feet high and met a few, men women & children, from three or four of the 11 families in the "New settlement". I preached the first sermon, sanctified the Sabbath Day as it were to them, for their future home. They have been there now 3 or 4 years & one woman told me she had never heard a sermon in that time. I felt very solemn, very apprehensive, was moved I hope by the Holy Ghost and preached my Jesus to them. I feel great better today David; not so assaulted as I was yesterday. Wish you were not so far away; then we might often talk together about it. Do read the first few pages of Bayley's Saints, viz. Dr. Spang gloriously.

But I want to introduce to you a new work, a grand work, one
Michelet's history of France. If I were in N.Y. I would send it out to you;
and hope to do so in the fall. This 18 Ch. is strange, powerful, true, false,
fantastical, mysterious, everything by turns. "The everlasting battle between
grace & a law was still waged in a time of St Louis by the University & the
Mendicant orders. . . . Pure reasoning (the heterodoxy of Abelard, second Pelagius
was soon to be surpassed. The true artists of the 13 C., orators, comedians, mimics,
popular preachers & buffoonists were the mendicants. These spoke of love, & in the
name of love. They had recurred St Augustinus' text: "Love is what you will." The
dry logic, so effectual, of Abelard's time, no longer sufficed. The world, tired of
in this thorny road, would have preferred rest with St. Francis, & St. Bonaventura
under a mystic shade of a S. of songs, or dreaming with another St John (of Parma,
genitor of the Franciscans) of a new faith & new gospel." [Here he expounds a
strange chapter of the new & planting, concerning the thoughts & feelings of those
times. Oh why is Princeton so dumb, dead in the arms of Mr. Beecher
and — S. Miller?] The Pope i. e. the Church pursued the doctors of the University,
~~in Albertus Magnus~~ the free (Abelardist) G. de St Amour, and also John of Parma's
book, i. e. both the logician & the mystic, both Augustine & Pelagius. "It was St Thom
(Aquinas) who laid down this middle course, so hard of attainment, by which the
Church essayed to fix & stay herself, without swerving to right or left; & it is his
chiefest glory; He was the Aristotle of Christianity, whose legislation he drew up
endeavouring to reconcile logic with faith for the suppression of all heresy. The
colossal monument wh. he reared ravished his age with admiration. . . . His over-
powering task utterly absorbed this extraordinary man, & occupied his whole life
to the exclusion of all else; a life that was entirely one of abstraction, the world
of which were ideas. . . . In a school he was called by his companions "the large
mule of Sicily." . . . He continued his dictations in sleep. One day at sea he
was unconscious of a frightful tempest. . . . At the table of St Louis began the
table a fearful thump, cry of "The Manichaeans can never get over that
argument!" In his struggle with Manichaeism he was supported by St August-
tine's authority. But on the question of Grace he clearly departs widely from
that Doctor & sides with liberty of will. . . . But to depart fr. St Aug. was to open
a wide door to whoever ph'd with Gentile & Church as an enemy; & it was
by this that Luther came in."

"Such was the aspect of a world in the 13 C. At the summit, the large mule of
Sicily, remained a question: here man & liberty; there God, grace, divine
freedom, fatality; on the right the observation that bears witness to human
liberty; on the left the logic which compels irresistibly to fatalism. Observa-
tion distinguishes, logic identifies. Suffer the latter to have her way, she will
resolve man into God, God into nature; will still the universe into an
indivisible unity absorbing liberty, morality, & all action of life."

Therefore a eccles. legislator stayed himself upon a steep cliff, coming
ing with his foot sense his analogia, down which he w^d have been borne headlong.
His firm collected genius stopped upon a razor edge wh. separated two abysses &
scanned & measured their depths. Solemn type of Church he held the balance of
The world which looked up at him from below & saw him distinguishing, reasoning & cal-
culating in a higher region, has not dreamed of all the struggles wh. may have
shaken thy existence abstract as it was."

"Below this sublime region was a storm & wind storm. Below a aryl was man,
morally beneath metaphysics. ~~The latter~~ below St. Louis. In the latter the 13^c.
had its Paganism - a Paganism of acute, profound, penetratly char. hardly dreamed of by
previous ages. I allude to the first agony with which nascent Doubt convulsed souls;
when.... the great edifice in wh. men were settled, began to shake; when Saints, clamorously
of "saint, right of" right, the most docile minds found themselves compelled to sit in
self judgment & examination. The pious King of France - St. Louis....."

"He told Joinville that a Dr. of Theol. one day applied to the Bish. of Paris & set forth
to him with tears that he could not force his heart to believe in a Sacrament of an
Altar (Trans^u.) The Bish. asked whether, when the Devil pressed him with this temp^t-
he took delight in it? The Dr. replied that on the contrary it gave him exceed^g quiet
& that he w^d be heard in prison rather than renounce the Eucharist. The Bish. then Com-
forted him with a assurance that he had more merit than he who had no doubts."

"Trivial as these [it tells several such] pages appear they are grave & deserve
attention. When St. Louis himself was troubled, how many souls must have doubted &
suffered in silence. But a bitterness of this first falling off from faith was, that
men shrunk from avowing it. At this day we are injured & hardened to the comments of
Doubt: the points are blunted..... The pain was harmless, but exceeded by horror
& surprise."

"To anchor your life on an idea, to rest it on a boundless love & see it failing
you! To love, to doubt, to hate oneself for this Doubt. To feel a ground proceed from
under one's feet & to stop engulfing us in our impurity, in that hell of hell where
divine love never shines... & yet to clutch at & hang by the branches overhanging
& gulf, to strive to believe that we still believe, to fear to be afraid, to doubt of
one's own doubts.... But if the doubt be uncertain, if the thought be not sure of the
thought;... is hell under hell. Temptation of tempting; all other are nothing in
comparison. You did this temptation shrink from a light of day & burn of Shame
within itself, until the 15 & 16^c. Letter is a great master here again; no one
had a more horrible experience of these tortures of a soul: Ah were St. Paul
now living, how w^d I wish to hear from himself, what kind of temptation it was,
which he went through. It was not a sting of flesh, not a good Thelca as
a Parisian dream.... Jerome & a father did not know extreme temptations;
they suffered but feeble ones, those of flesh, wh. indeed have their purg as
well. Augustine & Ambrose had theirs; they trembled before a sword.... There
is something beyond despair caused by one's own, ... as when it is said My God, my God

"Why hast thou forsaken me?" For as if a speaker said "Thou art
my enemy without cause; or I say of God: I am just & innocent!"

"Christ himself... experienced this anguish of doubt, this night of soul
when not a star appears above a horizon. For a last pang of - Passion,
& summit of - grief... In this abyss lies a mind of - middle age &c..."

Lo! the strange language David, & from the Keeper of the historical Archives
of Rome. How far French historians have advanced beyond us. Hear how he
winds up his strange, half Xth - half infidel, half mystic, description of
Papierin, Xth as the prototype of the world's every man. —

"All heroic souls who have done great things for mankind have
known this trial: [He has just said "Thou God, should have doubted God! That
sacred victim sh^d have said "Father, Father, have you forsaken me?
It is this that rends & veils & shrouds earth in darkness, which troubles
me when I read the Gospel, brings tears for me to this day.] All have
more or less approached this ideal of suffering. It was at such a moment
that Brutus exclaimed "Virtue, thou art but a name!" & Gregory VII
"I have followed justice & shunned iniquity, & therefore die in exile".

"But to be forsaken of God, to be left to myself, on my own strength,
to sense of duty, to resist the world in arms — there is in all this a
colossal greatness. It is to learn a truth by & man, to taste &
divine utterance of — fruit of knowledge, of which it was said at
the beginning of the world: Ye shall know that ye are gods; become gods."

"Here you have a whole mystery of — mid. age, & secret of
its overflowing tears, & key to its profound griefs — precious tears,
(which flood into limpid legends), marvellous poems, & which
heap themselves up into the sky, have become crystallized into
gigantic Cathedrals, that wished to rise to God."

This is fine worst of true. It may be for it has a deep,
strong voice. There are minds that are born armed. They may
see farther than we others. Poetry may be truth & excellence
and our prosy, careful standpoint be the desert in which
we as Arabs pitch our tents, despoiling or fearing the gardens
of Bagdad & Damascus, with their palms, lilies & myrtles —
gales & their oranges, dates & wheatheads as well. Do
you think however that if Michelet's were sown broadcast
along Stony brook, there would ever one grow up? Oh I do from my
inmost heart I despise the prosy humdrum of our historical
science. If we are called to know anything, let us know all.
If we are turned out to pasture in the clover field, why
put us in hobbles there. Where the spirit of the Lord is, there
is sought to be liberty, to think, feel & speak.

Michellet dashes then into a most poetic description of the Gothic architecture & really I almost wish Prof. Dod were not dead, that he might have the pleasure of reading it. But Prof. Dod is now perhaps consulting Lanfranc & other holy episco-architects on the question of rise & cause in that & other things. Fly into heaven, I and, will be like getting a ticket for the Bibliotheque royale. We can consult so many originals.

And now I have shortly lauded you with my unceasing & bad writing. May the ship that carries this arrive in the day time. Your two letters of March & May came together to me to the woods & within a week of each other to Phil. You remember writing to me seldom in Europe? ~~say~~ I had hoped you had forgotten it; if it gave you half the pain that my neglect of you has done. I would go to Europe again myself for the pleasure of describing to you once a week my adventures. But what's the use of such thoughts, for I love you too well already, and we shall never be together in this world — but be praised, who knows that I could be less wholly his servant & child if you were here. May his grace be sufficient for us, to prevent our affection for any earthly object from becoming inordinate. But hold! You say you only write me twice while away in E. and "will try to do so no more." That will by no means do. Your resolution is one much better in the breach than in the observance. Write when you can; or don't stay up an hour after you are thoroughly wearied out with correspondents who have more rights to your pen, in order to do it. It would take away half the charm of your letters to know that they had cost you pain. Your sketch of the town & your labors was not of people but pleased my fancy, thinking, that you had hit upon the only feasible plan for accomplishing much good where you are. At present I am cut off from all access to your statistical reports, but hope to see them next winter. I do not envy you your many good friends. May the number be doubled every year. In an emergency, God will make use of your singular tact & prudence, to protect your life & liberty & by small encroachments, you may imperceptibly fasten your influence upon the whole community, so that, though ~~the~~ presuming, & retiring, it may be decided and most happily executed in a crisis, such as continually occurs in such half organized communities. Do you think that Saper is Val. Can you give

What is it in Spain, or was in Luther's time? Your
simons, the skeleton of which you sent in the May letter, would lead you
to persevere on the errors of Rome; are you never fearful of awaking bitterness
against yourself? or is there no "public sentiment" in Val? or how do you
guard yourself against it? The only objection I had to your Oct. was its doubting
the mystic number, — 3 heads, 3 reflections, but they came naturally, and
you will be the last man to grow pedantic in the external. What a proof
of Human liberty, that Truth instead of zoning a sky in letters of light,
is subjected to our indiv. judgement, as X. at a bar of Pharaohes! And
how few ever exercise the right of judging their judge & his truth!

But I'm going to exercise the right of a friend and criticize your taste in
narrating. You are about to do a good deal of it in your reports and a hint
or two may help you. I don't like your style, but can't tell you why unless
I put your style & mine in opposition. I don't say mine is the best, but of
that I don't like yours. You write thus e.g.

"Will you take a walk into the City
with me? I shall take my cane Stop, I
will take a few tracts to give away En-
ter a little cigar shop, the woman says I
may leave the book, &c - - - - -"

Now I don't like this way of
telling a story at all. It keeps
me all the while thinking about
you & me & the story telling;
instead of permitting me to for-
get you that tell the story & that I am listening, & indeed that the
story is told at all, but simply to fill my whole mind with the
ideal picture of the scene. Every attempt to excite interest in
a scene, by anything that is not part & parcel of it ~~should~~ is "in the
taste, according to the same law that condemns painting signs
in Old English or German text — because it fulfills itself. No
you go on to say "We now ascend a steep hill covered with houses — you
call them shanties —" I am distracted between forming an idea
of the shanties covered hill and criticizing the merits of your descrip-
tion of it, ~~for you insist upon~~ and in trying to discover also the
exact location, which I, the Spectator & you, my guide with the
cane in your hand, occupy, at the foot, or on one side or on the
summit of said hill. ^{For you insist upon my being there with you.} If you were to say simply, "I ascended
steep hill covered with houses, (one is tempted to call them shanties) —
or [in my daily walks — or back from the beach,] there rises a steep
hill covered with houses, or rather shanties —" then I float with you
in the air, wholly taken up with the scene opening before me, and
waiting for the dram. perip. of your story.

"Here is a tailor, I give him a tract." Where? is he outside or inside
the house, standing, sitting, sewing or lounging, smoking a ~~cigar~~ cigar
or drinking his chocolate? A w. will tell this & relieve my doubt.
"I entered a tailor's shop; he desired that coat he was sewing as I came

in, I presented him with a tract and asked him to read it. He seemed hard of hearing, what to make of ~~it~~ or (of) me, but took it nevertheless & said he would begin at once.

Another argument against the present tense in narrating is drawn from its necessary monotony. It runs into the habit of it & it will ride you to death. You will come to despise plain ~~utterance~~ "I said" & "said he", and think nothing strong or effective unless dramatic. You know that we can read blank verse longer than any other form of poetry. And when you really come to a stirring scene ~~and~~ wish to excite glowing attention you must have the dramatic as a expos de reserve to bring up to your assistance. If you have engaged it with the laurel all day however you will find it a falcon's hope.

"I now go back to the path of ascent, no wonder you blow-tis ~~(wonder)~~ steep enough, here is another woman & another, or we go." I can only find an excuse for such a sentence in the midnight hour at which it was written. No wonder I blow! Why do I? let me see. I am sitting here quietly at the window the soft, cool air sweeps down the valley and penetrates my very heart with the mystery of a delicious feeling - but not the like haunting. If you said that you spanted, all would be well, but you take me so by surprise & force me back out of all thoughts of your scene, into a doubt of my self-consciousness, with your: "no wonder that you spant". Dear David, don't use this style any more. It is, depend upon it, the least effective of all. If you narrate with yourself as actor (quite allowable always, & far most convenient) say: "I now went back to where the path ascended (went up, is stronger English), and followed it, (haunting & haunting - is here quite proper & historic) to the summit; "children followed me at full speed, shouting 'Miri! Miri!' (book.) I stopped to give them some & they all gathered round me, each anxiously expecting his turn. "But can you read?" Si Señor, was the general exposure. "Will then there's a tract for you to read; let me see if you can," and the young rascals couldn't read at all, so I sent them back as promptly as they came, &c."

Am I not impudent thus to rebuke your "Individualität" and force my taste upon your thoughts. Pardon me; you may as I said before, get an idea from what I have written, whether it be my idea or a better one. I must to your own common sense, which is as good as mine, to say the least.

Dear more, My partner bless you, my better & friend.

In looking over my Diary I Azum Scott's name - do you remember him? He is said to be a successful pastor for Mary Wadley's daughter. My note is the "Heard Scott in a Central Church P.M. - Remember the C. &c" His sermon was admirably worked in that Saxon sentences; but he shot too many arrows at the same birds (I suppose I meant, illustrated his subject to death.); used many German & half German expressions, I thought I could see my own style in him, better than in any man I ever listened to or read, and was not at all flattered by the recognition!"

20

Rev. David Trumbull.

Valparaiso, Chili, S. America.

Care of D. C. Ripley, Esq.

47 Front Street (Office of - Hope Mills)

New York.

